

8-19-1899

Letter from Mary A. Livermore, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, to Anne Whitney, 1899 August 19

Mary A. Livermore

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ter suffering from a lame
knee, occasioned by an in-
jury. She has broken the
cartilage of the knee, as one
surgeon says, and frac-
tured it, as another an-
nounces. She is now sim-
ply wearing a tight knee-
cap, to keep the injured
knee with its fracture, or
break, in place. And when
she returns to Boston is
to submit to an operation,
— of course! That is all
surgeons care for now-a-
days. I don't understand

Boothbay Harbor, Maine,
Aug. 19, 1899.

Dear Friend,

Mr. Livermore and I
had planned to spend the
month of Aug. here, with our
daughter, who has a charm-
ing summer home on this
delightful coast. After he
passed away, the family
were so urgent, that, ac-
companied by my daughter
Lizzie and Adelaide, I am
here until Sept. All my
immediate family are gath-
ered under her roof, — my

children and grand children
and step grand children, with
their young wives and betrothed
husbands. The house is over-
flowing with young life, in
incessant motion, as is the
restless ocean without, whose
waters are forever beating
against the rocks on which
the house is built. It was
best for me to come reluctant
as I was to do so. For the
sundering of a companion-
ship of fifty-four years, has
left me sorrowing, depress-
ed and lonely.

I was sorry not to see
your latest creation before

it was put in plaster. But
I could not have visited
the studio at the time you
wished me to come, had I
known your desire. I did
not leave Mr. Lvermore
on any errand whatever
after May 13th, and the
end came July 5th. Per-
haps you will give me
the pleasure of seeing
it in plaster, at some
future time.

I hope you are in
good health, and that you
have recovered from your
lame knee. I find my daughter

their explanation, nor believe
in their diagnosis. To my
ignorant vision, it looks
like a case of "house-maid's
knee", or "water on the knee",
as others phrase it. I
hope she will not be hasty
in complying with the sur-
geon's request.

My imagination has been
fired by a picture in
the Chicago Tribune, which
I enclose — a crude sketch
of the "Labor Frieze" over "The
Monumental Door of the
Paris Exposition". You
may laugh it, but some-

how it has captured my fancy, and I see in it, and the "motif—" (is it that what they call it?) much more than there is in the picture. I will enclose it, although I am sure you will pooh-pooh it.

I find it almost impossible to think of adjusting my life to any plan for the future. I need not try. For my stay here will be short and I need only concern myself with the duties that come day by day. With love to Adeline, I am Yrs. in love
M. A. Lvermore